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Colonnade



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FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA . MAY 1943



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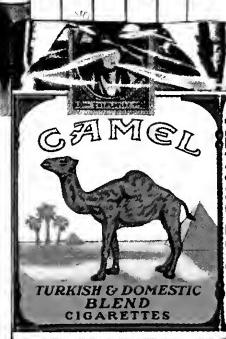
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The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. V

MAY, 1943

NO. 4

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The Colonnade

VOL. V

NO. 4

THE STAFF

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The Columns . . .

WE DEDICATE . . .

To you, the Seniors of 1943, this issue of THE COLONNADE. For four years we have worked, played and served with you; you have been our friends, companions, and helpers. You leave with us much more than you can take away; for in your years at Farmville you have given of your best in a way that will be hard to duplicate. By your high standards and ideals you have shown your true worth. It is with sadness that we see you leave, but with joy in knowing that in going out to "make your own" you will carry with you those principles of a well rounded woman which are so needed in the world today.

As this school year comes to a close, we realize there is much that each of us can do in serving our country—Red Cross, Civilian Defense and providing entertainment for our Armed Forces. Let us not be idle this coming summer but remember that it is up to each individual if victory is to come.

FIRST . . .

We'd like to recommend with highest praise the distinctive and applicable message to the Seniors by Dr. Walmsley which is found on the middle pages of the magazine. No girl—senior or otherwise—can read this impressive article of challenge and yet remain unaware of her place in the changing world of today.

THE COVER . . .

Sarah Trigg has captured the spirit of the graduating Senior—for if you look closely you will see reflected in her eyes the call of the uniform.

HONORABLE MENTION . . .

On pages eight and eighteen we present the two honorable mention poems as chosen by the judges in the poetry contest. In "A Little Old Lady" by Katherine Tindall, a freshman, we almost smell the dust of the attic and feel the years roll back as one grown old recalls joys of a bygone day.

Julia Messick, also a freshman, has painted for us a picture of "The Seasons".

ON THE LITERARY SIDE . . .

Helen DeLong's story of suspense "It Was Her Wish" is found on page ten. It is an unusual story which will appeal to everyone.

Then on the more serious side appears "The War and Me" written by Katherine Powell of the class of '42. This article will drive home to many of us the lightness of attitude with which we take this present conflict; Virginia Sedgley presents her last contribution to the magazine with "Gad, Said the Man in the Grey Hat." As usual, Virginia has filled her pen with a true college tale; Harriet Dowdy had given us a delightful little sketch of a very important day in the life of a boy, aged nine.

FEATURING . . .

Who else but Ann Ware—Mrs. Smith to you—could possibly cause such riots by her clever wit and humor as is crammed into "Dear Diary". The editor and staff will not be held responsible for any split sides suffered after the reading of this bit of hilarity on pages thirteen and fourteen.

Slightly exaggerated, we must admit but how true to the casual observer, is the Typical Senior Schedule found on page twenty-two. Didn't know we knew you so well, did you, Seniors? The joke page has acquired a new name—Mac's Cracks. Helen McQuire, our new joke editor, has dug out the rarest for your approval on pages twenty-four and twenty-five.

Also to tickle your funny bone, we are presenting for the first time the "I hear" girls, who it seems, are always hearing the most abusrd things!

IN CONCLUSION . . .

We'd like to offer profuse thanks to Winifred Wright and Anne Ellett for their great help in giving us the "inside dope."

Don't forget the short story contest which extends through the summer months. And don't forget that THE COLONNADE welcomes any and all contributions!

Have a happy, useful summer, everyone!

Elizabeth Tennent

*Letters to the
Editor:*



Address all letters to:

The Editor of The Colonnade

Box 15, S. T. C.

Farmville, Virginia

Or drop them in

The Colonnade Box

Farmville, Virginia
April 29, 1943

Dear Editor:

As college students of America, we have a large part to play in helping to win this war and the peace that follows. When the moon of war is down and the first pearl gray light of the dawn of peace streaks the morning sky, youth the world over will face one of its greatest opportunities in centuries. It will then be up to us, the students of today, to decide the course of our country. Shall it be the beaten path of the centuries or the way of everlasting peace?

In signing the armistice, in guaranteeing freedom, in putting democracy into our daily living—our task is great. The vision of the world is ours.

"For we are the youth and tomorrow we rule."

However, we have not yet been victorious, and it is up to us now, the students of S. T. C., to do our small part in making possible a victory over the Axis nations.

By continuing our education, we are helping, in a large way, to preserve our democracy. It is the educated people of the country who derive the military tactics, and who command all affairs of our government, both in peacetime and wartime negotiations. As we continue our college work, we are laying the foundations of our future, as well as finding a way by which we may become a part of this vast universe.

While we are continuing our education, there are many small things here in college that we can do to help. Are we helping to entertain the men who are fighting for the preservation of democracy by attending U. S. O. functions? Are we denying ourselves an ice cream sundae or a lunch in the tea room to purchase a defense stamp? Are we helping to roll bandages for our injured soldiers on the battlefield? Fellow students, will you give these questions a little thought, and while doing so, remember that our boys are giving, if need be, their lives for the principles upon which America was founded. Will you give a little of your time and money to help make their lives more pleasant?

Sincerely,

Virginia Treakle, '46

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank THE COLONNADE for the pleasure and enjoyment I have gotten from

reading each issue during the past four years. I know that I speak not only for myself but for the senior class as a whole. Each year has shown marked improvement and progress over the preceding one. The articles and stories on the war are especially original and up to date.

I know that THE COLONNADE will continue to develop into one of the leading college magazines in the State. It is already one for which Farmville S. T. C. should be proud to claim as its own.

Sincerely,

Barbara White, '43

Dear Editor:

I often wonder if we students at S. T. C. take time to consider what an interesting type of college individualism THE COLONNADE presents. Every issue is an attractive collection of many different types of writing and each article reflects vividly individual personalities, so representative of American college youth. There are stories of experiences familiar to many of us; essays reveal our inner thoughts to show we are becoming more capable and practical in our reasonings; book-reviews illustrate our intellectual interests and clearly show our own abilities to distinguish between the desirable and less desirable. The poetry, I think, is most expressive of girlhood sentiments—abilities, moments of triumph and sadness. And who is the student whose sense of humor can't be represented by those choice bits of humor on the joke page? Then to picture also the individualism each of us does possess we find the pages of "Pen Poise" and those adorable cut-ups in poetry, photos, and drawings. The two center pages with each issue are packed full of delightful originality.

I, for one, am extremely proud of THE COLONNADE, to know that our students can be such broad-minded, intellectual, and delightful writers. One's words and deeds prove his character—so, to the contributors and to the staff who really do maintain the standards and aims of the magazine. congratulations for wonderful works. THE COLONNADE as all good magazines should do, depicts a definite phase of life and thought and THE COLONNADE is a particularly fortunate publication because it has the privilege of presenting a cross-section of the collegiate personalities at S. T. C.!

Rosalie Rogers, '43



Portrait of A Senior

"Gad," Said the Man In the Grey Hat

VIRGINIA KENT SEDGLEY, '43

□ IT was September 23rd. The day was bright, at least at 7 o'clock in the morning it looked like it might be a nice day. Lois gulped her coffee down hastily, burned her tongue which made her more nervous than ever.

"Oh, hurry, Daddy. My train leaves at 7:30 and you know it takes at least ten or fifteen minutes to get to the station. Where are my bags?"

"Calm down, child. I'll get you there on time. Where's your mother? Helen, Helen, where did you put my blue shirt? Drat that woman, always re-arranging my drawer."

"Your blue shirt is just where it always is—in the drawer. Now hurry, we don't want to get to the station at the last minute. Lois, dear, are you sure you didn't leave anything? You have your money safely pinned in your purse? Don't talk to any strange men. A uniform can hide anything."

"My goodness, Mother! Anyone would think that I was four years old instead of a senior in college. I'll be fine if I only get to the station in time. Am I glad that I checked my trunk and other bags yesterday! I won't have that to worry about."

"Well, I thought you girls were in a hurry. I'm all ready. Let's go."

"Let's take Tommy to the station with us. I won't see him again until Christmas. Please. I won't let him get his feet on the seat."

"You won't have to get him. Tommy jumped in the car as soon as I took it out of the garage. Down boy, down. Get your feet off my suit, down!"

Finally the car was started, the station loomed into view. It was only 7:20, so no train was in sight.

"You have your ticket and money in a safe place, dear?"

"Yes, Mother. Everything is fine. Carol is going to get on in about an hour and we'll be together the rest of the trip."

Her father came back from the ticket office. "The train is almost here. Everything here? Tickets, need any money? Here is a little something Mother and I bought for you."

"Candy, how sweet of you! And a magazine. I'll be all fixed up. Hey, here's the train. Where's Tommy? Bye, old boy, be good."

"Let Mother kiss you, dear."

"And Daddy, too."

By this time the train had pulled into the station. Lois and her father got on, found a seat and then went back to the vestibule. After some more good-byes, and some tears held back, the conductor shouted "All aboard" and the train started to move out of the station. Lois waved until her parents were just tiny specks. Last year Bill had been at the station, too. But now Bill was in Texas, a handsome air cadet and still true, she hoped.

Lois settled herself comfortably in the seat and leafed idly through the magazine. "I won't open the candy until Carol gets on", she thought. "I wonder if she'll look any differently. I wonder if the gang will be there when we get there."

By the time she had finished wondering, they had pulled into Carol's station. Lois jumped up and ran to the door.

"Here I am Carol, I've saved a seat for you."

The picture on the platform was much the same as it had been an hour earlier. Only this time, Carol's brothers and sisters were there, too.

"Darling, I am so glad to see you! How are you? Hey there, Mrs. Arnold, how are

THE COLONNADE

"you all?" Carol's father carried her bags on the train and jumped off as the train started to move.

"Bye, bye, be good. Write often, at least three times a week. I'll probably be lucky if they write once a week now."

Back in their seats, the two chatted pleasantly for several hours. At noon they went back to the diner, aware of the cat calls and whistles from the soldiers along the way.

"Really, Lois, it seems that a girl can't do anything without soldiers acting as if she's just a pick-up. That last one was cute, wasn't he?"

Lois and Carol tried to act as if they were accustomed to eating on diners every day. And they did almost. The other passengers smiled on their youth and beauty.

They began to get bored after they went back to their coach.

"This train is the slowest piece of steel I have ever had the misfortune to ride on."

"What's more this is the hottest day in September and there isn't a good-looking man on this coach. Let's go back to the one behind."

"Hey, I thought you were the one who didn't like soldiers to whistle at her. Besides you promised to be true."

"O. K., O. K., you win, but let's stretch our legs anyway."

They swayed down the aisle, kept their eyes rigidly ahead as they passed the men's rest room, and as there were no helpful young men around, managed the heavy doors between the cars with amazing ease.

Upon reaching the second coach, they stood for a moment looking at the passengers. Suddenly from the middle of the coach one of four girls jumped up . . .

"Look, it's "Arny" and "Lousy" Smith!"

The passengers were amused to see two such lovely ladies as Carol Arnold and Lois Smith addressed as Arny and Lousy. In an instant, however, the aisle was filled with six pairs of waving arms, six shrill voices,

and one poor sailor who hadn't been able to get out of the way.

Finally, they sat down, but then the noise had just begun.

"Darling, how have you been? You look positively super. Lost some weight, haven't you? I have the most divine gossip to tell you. It is lurid, but really. How are you and Bill? Still on the beam, I hope."

The passengers didn't smile so nicely now. Youth is charming in pairs, dreadful in droves.

The shrill voices kept on.

"Gad, will they never get off," said the man in the grey hat to the woman sitting next to him. "If that is an example of our coming womanhood I pity the coming generations. Where are they from, anyhow?"

"Those girls are from Farmville. They are going to be teachers."

"Heaven help the younger generation. Gad! You'd think they owned this whole train the way they run up and down."

"They aren't so bad," the woman defended. "I imagine that they will be excellent teachers. After all the first day of school is always exciting, especially to seniors"

"Prospect, Prospect," the conductor bawled out.

"Hey, we're almost there. We have to go back and get our bags. See you at the station."

By the time the conductor had announced Farmville, the girls had all their bags in the aisles, their make-up repaired and their hats and gloves on.

Amid shrill screams, the conductor's mild voice, the little Negro boys' "carry your bag, lady", the train was finally emptied of girls, bags, and noise.

As it gathered momentum and left the station full of bright summer clothes, girls, and trunks behind, the clickity clack of the wheels was music to the passengers.

"Gad", said the man in the grey hat, "Gad!"

Another year, another college year, had begun.

THE BOY

HARRIET DOWDY, '46

□ IT was a warm spring day. The boy walked slowly along the dusty road, feeling the warm sand between his toes, and tossing a pebble in the air. The sun shone hot on the top of his head, and dust settled on the goldenrod and weeds by the side of the road. Birds circled lazily in the blue above, and the sound of a dog's barking came from the distance.

The boy's dawdling feet brought him to the river. The smell of it came over him, as he looked out to the water where the sun was playing with little waves, and the weeds were swaying in the swift current. Shadows came and went on the dark surface of the water by the bank. Ferns grew there in the coolness, and their lacy shadows mingled with those of the trees.

The boy lazily tossed pebbles into the water and watched the widening circles, wondering why they came and where they went. He was to remember this when he grew older. Then he moved away from the bank of the river, resisting the impulse to strip and plunge head first into the coolness of the water.

As he emerged from the cool woods that led away from the river, the droning of bees in flowers came to his ears. Soon he came to a meadow filled with wild flowers. The grasses and flowers came nearly to his waist. He slowly let himself sink in their sweetness. As he lay on his back and watched the faint clouds move in the sky, a breeze came and ruffled the live greeness around him, and a little shower of white and pink petals fell on his face.

After a while he got up with a sigh, and walked to the other side of the meadow where he leaped a barbed-wire fence, for he disdained to go under it. He went on up the hill and up a little path until he came to a house hugged between two hills. The house was tiny and white, with green shutters, and there was a fence around it which was flanked on one side by hollyhocks.

He went into the house, and the good smell of the supper his mother was cooking came to him. After supper he went outside again and sat on the flagstone step and watched the hot sun go down. He felt coolness and darkness stealing over the earth. Dusk became darkness, and fireflies moved over the countryside. Frogs sang in the creek close by, and a star came out.

The boy went into the house and up the stairs. He raised the window and then the shade, as far as it could go, so that he might watch the night as he lay on his bed—as he lay on his bed and dreamed dreams of what was to come—and what Life was—and the why of everything . . .





A Little Old Lady

KATHERINE TINDALL, '46

Honorable Mention

A little old lady, aged and gray,
Arose from her chair by the fire,
And slowly ascended the attic stair,
Lured on by a burning desire.

To think of the happy by-gone days,
And to dream the sweet dreams of old,
To laugh, to weep, to love, to woo,
To win, to have, to hold.

She climbed the steps—then opened the door,
And entered the crowded place,
Her eyes wandered 'round the musty room,
A smile played on her face.

A smile so unlike her small withered self,
It made her carefree and light,
She had spied an aged trunk by the door,
'Twas to her a treasured sight.

Not seeming to notice the dust and grime,
To the trunk, she made her way.
A sudden new strength ran through her
veins,
And she lived in another day.

Slowly, she lifted the creaking old top,
All musty and covered with rust,

Sweetly she looked at the contents inside,
Yellow with age and dust.

A packet of letters, so neatly tied,
In a ribbon of faded blue;
A long white dress and a flowing veil,
A soldier lad's picture, too.

Then suddenly she grew young again,
The wrinkles were gone from her face.
'Twas April—A rose was in her hair,
And she in her lover's embrace.

The lad, who must answer his country's
call;
Was prepared to march away.
She gave him one, last, lingering kiss,
And with it her heart that day.

She waited and waited—'Twas all in vain,
For alas—he ne'er returned.
But she did not cry—nor did she grieve,
The flame in her heart ever burned.

And again she was old, and gray,
But she had fulfilled her desire,
And she slowly descended the attic stair,
To return to her chair by the fire.



THE WAR AND ME

KATHERINE POWELL

HERE at the State Teachers College in Farmville, Virginia, the war in which my own nation is involved is to me an unreal, shadowy monster that lurks just beyond reality. Despite classes in current events, flag lowering ceremonies, and varied patriotic programs, it is difficult to realize that men are dying to preserve our precious way of life that we in the United States take so much for granted. There is a great deal of talk about sacrificing for defense—one less picnic, fewer decorations for a dance, more inexpensive refreshments for a party—all things that in no way may alter my personal life but cause only a slight ripple on the surface for a moment and then are gone. Meetings, classes, fun and laughter are anesthetics that lull to sleep grim, unpleasant thoughts of happenings that have as yet left my life untouched by heartbreak, and it is easy to forget the sorrow that has entered the lives of thousands of my countrymen. Not that I am insensible to tragedy, for I am not. My heart is wrenched with pity when I see the faces of young Americans looking out at me from newspapers, magazines, and newsreels, heroes all who have done their bit to help pave the road to victory but will do no more. Yet in the newspapers there is the comic page; in the magazines there are fashions and fiction; after the newsreels come the main features, all serving to divert my attention to more pleasant channels. But this, I think, is as it should be. It is humanly impossible for one weak individual to bear the weight of a nation's grief, and only an extremely morbid mind would try to do so. Even then his feelings could not be genuine.

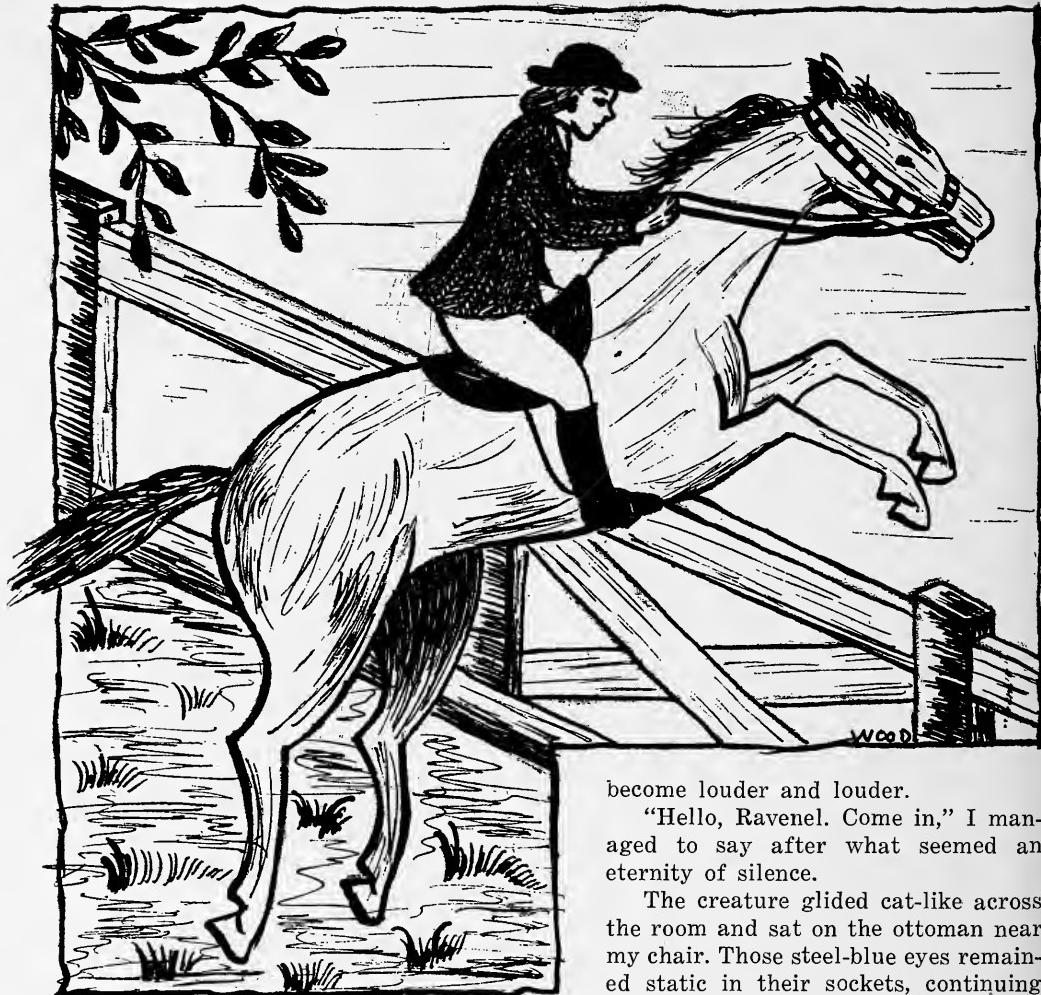
Only for one brief moment in my life has the war stood out in bold relief. During a space of five or six seconds I felt the full impact of what it might mean to live with the constant threat of death rained from the skies. The whole occurrence was perhaps idiotic but so poignant that the mem-

ory has persisted. I was aroused from sleep in the early dark of a morning by the eerie wail of a siren. On that border-land between wakefulness and sleep a cold terror gripped me. I felt rather than thought, "Air Raid!" I expected to hear the drone of bombers on their deadly mission. Then consciousness jerked me back to rationalization. A strong relief and comfort stole over me, and I drifted off to sleep. The morning run ridiculed the episode driving war again back into the shadows of my life.

No, the war is not real to me. There was a short period of about two weeks in which school activities sank to a place of unimportance. The radio hummed incessantly. My ears were eager for the latest news flashes, the latest war developments. I was annoyed that swing bands still held such a state of preeminence on the air waves instead of relinquishing their time to foreign correspondents or home reporters. That period occurred right after the fateful December 7 on which Pearl Harbor suffered an onslaught from the enemy, that act of aggression that prompted our formal entry into the conflict. Soon, however, excitement waned. The war was no longer a novelty but a circumstance to be taken as a matter of course. Life rushed on with no visible change, and classes, dances, and all the multitudinous doings that go to make up college again regained their former status. Now the swing bands are given preference to news reports. War and its horrors are things far removed from the happy, sheltered life that I enjoy here among friends who have interests and thoughts akin to mine. Courses in First Aid and the buying of defense stamps have brought it no nearer to me.

But at my home on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, there is a marked difference in my attitude toward the present situation. The road home leads through Petersburg, the khaki clad city and on to Norfolk whose

Continued on Page Twenty-Eight



It Was Her Wish

HELEN DELONG, '43

□ THERE was a faint sound of footsteps on the stairs followed by a long period of silence. I kept my eyes fixed on the magazine I had been reading, trying to forget the tall, gaunt figure whose haunted eyes were peering at me from the doorway. It was strange that I always knew when Ravenel was near me without actually perceiving her. The monotonous 'tic-tock,' 'tic-tock' of the clock on the mantle seemed to

become louder and louder.

"Hello, Ravenel. Come in," I managed to say after what seemed an eternity of silence.

The creature glided cat-like across the room and sat on the ottoman near my chair. Those steel-blue eyes remained static in their sockets, continuing to stare at me. It was not a blank stare, for it seemed at times as if those eyes could see even those things buried within the inner recesses of my mind.

"I am so glad you came in to see me. I had grown tired of reading and was wishing for someone to talk with."

"You don't mean that. No one really wants me around," the demented girl answered in a satin-smooth voice.

"You're mistaken, dear. We all love you and enjoy your company." I hope God will forgive me for that little lie, but I was merely trying to comfort this sad person before me.

"Hello, my darlings! How are you?" This was Julia's lilting voice, as that vivacious lady walked into the room. One could

IT WAS HER WISH

scarcely believe that Julia was forty years of age.

"Julia, dear, I am so glad to see you," I said in a voice filled with relief.

I glanced briefly at Ravenel in an attempt to answer the puzzled look on Julia's face. She looked even more perplexed and continued her conversation.

"Girls, I bought an adorable hat from Madame Dachielle's this morning. John tells me that I should have been a Powers model. Come around to my room after dinner and I'll model it for you."

"I'd love to do that, Julia," I said. "I am undecided as to what kind of hat to wear with my suit and your purchase might give me an idea."

"Fine, Pat," Julia continued. "You are coming, also, aren't you, Ravenel?"

The corners of Ravenel's mouth turned slightly upward, and I thought for a moment I saw the semblance of a smile.

"I don't know. I may be able to," Ravenel answered.

"Well, you certainly sound mysterious. What are your plans for the evening?"

Oh, how I wished Julia had not asked that question! I knew exactly what answer Ravenel would give. Surely enough I was right.

"Jeffrey and I are going down on the beach to watch the lights from the ships," Ravenel answered, and with that remark she arose and left the room swiftly.

Julia watched this proceeding with amazement. She lighted a cigarette and stood by the window inhaling long draughts of the smoke.

"Excuse me for a moment, will you, Julia?" I asked after glancing at the clock and seeing that it six o'clock, realizing that dinner was at seven. "I think I had better dress for dinner."

It was an established rule at Aunt Kay's that everyone dress formally for the evening meal and appear in the dining room at seven o'clock—not six fifty-nine or seven-one.

I left the door ajar between my bedroom and the living room of my suite, so that I could talk with Julia while I dressed.

"Julie, what type of hat did you buy?" I called through the half open door. There was no answer and glancing into the adjoin-

ing room I saw the slender figure still standing by the window. There was a perturbed look on Julia's face and she seemed preoccupied. I resolved not to disturb her and did not repeat the question.

I slipped into the new lime-green, crepe dinner dress and brushed my hair vigorously. I wanted to look my best tonight, because Jeff is coming to dinner, I thought.

"Do you like my new dress?" I asked, as I snapped out the light in the bedroom and joined Julia in the next room. She had finished her cigarette and had taken a seat on the divan.

"Pat, it is gorgeous," she exclaimed. "The color is just right for your brown eyes and titian hair."

I lighted a cigarette and sat in a chair opposite Julia.

The brief silence was broken by Julia's sudden question: "Pat, what is the matter with Ravenel?"

I suppose I seemed startled and Julia added, "Perhaps I shouldn't ask you this, but you are the only person here whom I dare ask. I casually asked Kay about Ravenel and she changed the subject of conversation almost immediately."

"Julia, do you mean that Aunt Kay invited you to come here to be with Ravenel and never mentioned her condition in her letters to you?"

"Kay and I hadn't seen each other since John's and my wedding seventeen years ago until yesterday when she met me at the station, and we haven't corresponded for five or six years. She has had no opportunity to tell me about her daughter. However, I don't understand why she hasn't explained the situation to me since I have been here, or why she didn't tell me in the letter she wrote inviting me to come."

"Did she mention any particular reason for wanting you to visit her in the letter other than merely wishing to see you?" I asked.

"Yes, she did say that her daughter had had an unhappy love affair and seemed to be sad and depressed most of the time," Julia answered. "She wanted me to try to cheer the girl up as much as possible."

"Is that all she told you about Ravenel?"

"Yes, that is all. Pat, please don't think

Continued on Page Twenty-Eight

Pen *Pain*

"

IT was there that I could go at the end of each day to watch the sun kneel into the sea.

JANICE WELLS, '46

He had bow-legs which one could have run a hoop through.

HAZEL PHILLIPS, '45

THERE is a satisfied glow about him.

BETTY JONES, '46

He had a mass of 'dish-water blond' wavey hair.

VIRGINIA CAVINISS, '46

SHE walked as though she owned the world.

VIRGINIA TREAKLE, '46

Mr. Higgins — Salesman — He kept a big, friendly, "would - you - like-to-see-some-brushes?" grin.

CONNIE OZLIN, '46

Definitions:

Individualist—Farmville girl without an engagement ring.

Realist—One who has an 8:05 class.

Experimentalist—One who cuts Mr. Hallisy's classes.

Expressionist—"I could faint."

"Have mercy!"

JANE MCFALL, '44

SHE came in, a mass of smiles.

ANNE JACOB, '46

I reached for a handful of snow and eighteen years of courage sifted through my tingling fingers.

ANNE PAYNE, '45

A delivery truck rolls by, reverently trying to make as little noise as possible in the white hush.

MARGARET HARVIE, '46

THE cedar branches bow submissively under their white burdens, awed by the grandeur of this new enchanted world.

MARGARET HARVIE, '46

THERE is no need to worry; tomorrow will always arrive, brought in beautifully on a golden sunrise.

KATHRYN HUTCHENSON, '46

There is no Shangri-La today.

KATHRYN HUTCHENSON, '46

ON that occasion she learned that God tempered judgment with mercy.

BILLY WAID, '46

Silence was not golden; speech was glorious.

MARY HARMAN, '44



Dear* Diary, by Ann Ware Smith, '43

ANN WARE SMITH, '43

Monday

FRANKLY, I don't feel much like writing as I've just come from the dining hall. We laughed when we sat down to eat, but that was before the food was brought in. "Pink horse" as the meat course and jelly pie for dessert definitely left much to be desired. Dinner was a little rough in other ways, too. Just as I was imbibing a long glass of milk—WHAM! and a plate hit me on the head. How did I know I was "pig"?

The girls at my table are really very nice. There's one who has several little peculiarities though—Susie Squashblossom is her name. When she says the blessing, she always ends up with "Heil Hitler!" A lot of people think she says, "vile vittles" so it's O. K., I guess. I must keep an eye on her—ever since my grades came in, I've felt like a government agent—F, B, I, F, B, I.

Tuesday

Classes, classes, classes—these two a day are killing me! How can I possibly get my sunbath for four straight hours when classes keep interrupting? Something has *got* to be done. Twelve credits are really too many in the spring with a young girl's fancy turning to love and men. That reminds me—I actually did see a man today. Of course, he wasn't exactly a second Robert Taylor, but his daughter here didn't look to be much over 16. I hung by my heels from second floor Rotunda trying to get a better look, but a Campus League Representative came along and said I'd either get a call-down or fall down, so I climbed back up!

To get back to sunbaths—well, Betsy Barefoot and I were up on the roof today baking our epidermix—what is the plural, anyway? Several airplanes flew over, and imagine our surprise when one circled back and dropped pennies down. We were mortified!

Wednesday

I simply refuse to go to Professor Whizz's class again. For the past three class periods he hasn't spoken a word to us except, "How did you dopes ever get out of kindergarten?" Everyone makes mistakes and when he asked me what an epistle was, I think it was very natural to reply, "Well, there was Apostle Paul and Epistle Peter." He didn't take it that way, though. In fact, no one seems very understanding around here. Teachers call the rolls and don't even seem glad to see me after I've been absent a week.

Susie Squashblossom is still worrying me. She's not taking but one class—German—and she's been wearing swastikas in her hair. Oh, well, 'tis time for bed and I don't want to have bad dreams, so I'd better think lovely thoughts instead of such as those. Let's see—clothes, men, clothes, men, Men, MEN, MEN!

Thursday

Tonight I'm not feeling so well. I made the mistake of going to the post office when everyone else was hopeful, too. When I came out, my right foot had several bones broken and I was sporting a black eye. I should worry—one girl didn't come out at all. She got pushed through her box. She

THE COLONNADE

was very cheerful, though—said at least the darn thing had something in it for a change.

Rappa Tappa Gong, onery society up here, tapped several girls today. It was very impressive—particularly when one of the old members used the mallet a little too hard in tapping a new member. She was out for six hours. She revived every now and then, but as soon as she heard what the dues were, she fainted again. What price glory?

Susie S. just went by my door goose-stepping rapidly. She has been emitting gutteral noises, too, but that could be because she rooms with two girls who are studying phonetics.

Friday

Oh, day of joy! Oh, happy am I! Oh, life is wonderful! Davie Drizzle called me and asked for a date tomorrow afternoon! We're going to see "Casablanca". (If F. D. R. and Winnie didn't make it famous, Humphrey and Ingrid will.) Davie is such a dear—I do wish he'd wear shoes, though. Even if he did lose his Ration Ticket 17 in a crap game, he could cover his size 14's some way. Anyway I must remember to be very sweet and nice to him, because his father is a florist. Davie told me himself if I passed away, he'd send simply gobs of flowers. But then, I'd rather have him "say it with flowers" while I could still hear.

Saturday

Davie and I had the most scrumptious time this afternoon. We decided not to go to the movies, but to bowl instead. My first time I made a strike, but someone should have told me to release the ball. The pin boy was pretty well banged up. We sat in Fan-'Ems for quite a while drinking free Upsi-Dolas. It's not that Davie is stingy. He just can't seem to get his hands out of his pockets. While we were in a booth, Susie Squashblossom sat down and tried to snake him. Before she left, he was raving about Mr. Shickelgruber, but I soon got him in hand. He fully repented and bought a War Stamp (10c).

A nice thing happened tonight. I was listening to Sobby-Lobby (tear-jerking radio program) when the outside telephone rang. It was for me and imagine my surprise—Mother was calling from Williamsburg. She told me not to worry—she'll be out soon with her certificate. In fact, she'll be the only one in the whole family who can prove she isn't crazy.

Well, Time Marches On, and I must get to bed. I would raise the window, but I did that once, and woke up to find soldiers walking through my room. They said they'd lost their division. I told them Math was hard for me to remember, too, but they'd picked a funny time and place to try and recall it.

Sunday

Other places Sunday is a day of rest. Here, it's a day of restlessness. I would have walked out to Shortboard, but bowling yesterday left me so stiff and sore that when I eased out of bed this morning my roommate told me to quit creaking the closet door. I tried some Abhorine, Jr., and it really thrilled me that one of the girls thought I was a sports whiz, because she asked me if I had "athletes foot". I asked her what she expected overnight. Why, those things take practice!

My afternoon was spent sleeping — I guess I could call it that. I was awakened twice by the telephone, once by the joyful screams of man-eating "snakes" as they noted the approach of prey, and lastly by having a cigarette "ducked" in my ear.

This is a lovely night—dark and mysterious—lit only by the moon and the occasional flicker of lights from the "Rec", on and off, on and off. People say when the moon is high like this the wildmen begin to howl, but I've been listening all night and haven't heard a thing. Oh, well, I might as well turn in and forget my troubles. It used to be getting through my college days that worried me—now I can stand the days if I just survive the daze.

Nothing But the Truth

LELIA HOLLOWAY, '46

□ "LOOK, Mother, Mrs. Tubber has on that same old, ugly hat!" exclaimed Frances, age eight, as she opened the door to admit a member of her mother's bridge club.

Standing in the door, Mrs. Tubber looked horrified and angrily at Mrs. Watts for an explanation. The little girl's mother hastened to try to explain Frances' rudeness.

"Oh, please pardon her, dear Norah. I'm sure she did not mean to be rude. She just heard her father tell me my new hat was horrid, and she had to repeat it. You know how little girls are. Do come right in and make yourself comfortable until Mrs. Bell and Jennifer arrive."

"Mamma, I did not either hear Daddy say your hat wasn't pretty! He liked it. But you told him that Mrs. Tubber wore the same ugly old hat all the time, so I was just trying to tell you she still had it on today. Maybe since she knows we don't *really* like it, she won't wear it any more. She won't, will she, Mama?"

Mrs. Watts had no chance to find an answer for her daughter's query because with a haughty, "Well, I never—", Mrs. Tubber was hurriedly removing her bulky self from the doorway of "those rude people" in order to get home and cry to her husband of how she had been insulted.

"Well, was it necessary for you to—?" Mrs. Watts' question was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell.

"Come right in, Mr. Genford," spoke the lady of the house in saccharin-sweet tones as she recognized the landlord.

"What can I do for you today?"

"Twelve dollars rent due!" was the short reply.

"Why, I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Genford, but I don't seem to have any money in the house. If you could wait a few days—?"

"Money's due today."

"Then I'll get it from my husband to-

night and send it to you by the late mail. I haven't a cent in my purse. I'm sure. But you may look, Frances, anyway," added Mrs. Watts, turning to her daughter and winking.

"I'd certainly love to be able to pay you today, Mr. Genford, but you know how it is. Would you care to stay awhile?" she added, resuming her conversation with the landlord.

"No. If you don't have the money now, I'll have to finish collecting rents at my other houses." Mr. Genford turned to leave, when badly startled, he exclaimed, "What happened to that—my best rug? What have you done to it?" He was looking angrily at the opposite end of the hall.

"What hap—oh, you mean the rug? Why, Mr. Genford, it was torn like that when we moved in. Don't you remember my telling you that you should have it repaired?" glibly exclaimed Mrs. Watts.

"I don't recall anything of the sort! Was my rug ruined like that all this time?" he roared as Frances entered, carrying her mother's purse.

"No, sir," innocently replied little Frances. "Bootsy tore it yesterday when he was sharpening his paws on it. Daddy says he loves to roll on the rug to scratch off his fleas, Mr. Genford."

"What! That dog! I told you, Mrs. Watts, when you moved in that dog would have to go," blustered the landlord. "'No pets allowed' was clearly stipulated in your lease. Either that dog goes and you pay for the rug; or, you'll all go and you'll all still pay for the rug. I simply won't tolerate such tenants in my house!" All this was shouted to the accompaniment of the loud thumping of the angry man's cane.

"And I found a lot of money in Mama's pocket book, but I can't give it to you 'cause Daddy said, 'Don't pay the old miser, less you have to' and we don't have to pay you

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What Are You G

HND so you are going to teach? Couldn't you do better in war work?"

This half-cynical, half challenging question "comes now to test your new-bought wisdom." Of course you should do what you can do best and what is best to be done, but what is that best? The easiest? the best paid? the most glamorous? or that which you are trained to do? Doubtless many of you have acquired a skill of mind or hand that calls you unmistakably into clerical work or into welding, but have any of you just as certainly acquired a deft touch that helps mould human character?

No class has ever been sent out by Alma Mater to face as difficult a situation as the crisis that calls you to service today. This is not a struggle against a group of nations, some of whom we fought before and whom we have learned to suspect. It is a war to preserve the type of civilization that measures its success by the intelligent freedom of religion and of speech that we call democracy. This is the democracy described in bomb-wrecked London by a professor in the University of London as "good faith, tolerance, respect for opinions which we do not share, loyalty to comrades, mercy to the weak, consideration for the unfortunate, equal justice for all, power to speak one's own thoughts freely, to obey ones own conscience, to do ones own duty as one sees it."

To this war you give your all. Totalitarian? Yes! Your country today calls on you for the best you have, for the best you can do, for all you are. "Ye dare not stoop to less." If you can fight in the service, that is your highest duty; if you can make gadgets that

To Do About It?

insure success and safety to those in the air or on the sea, the stern voice of duty calls you to the working plant; if you can do more and better work in growing food for those who work and for those who fight, duty again points out your path; if you can hold high the torch for those who are the citizens of tomorrow, then duty whispers low 'thou must'. "And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kindom for such a time as this."

This war must be won, but we won a war in 1918 and then threw away the peace; and war can never be justified on any other ground than that it brings on peace. You have read great books and thought great thoughts for four years; that, also, you owe to your country in its struggle for peace. It is not your privilege to help form the thinking of the world in the next five years, it is your bounden duty. For you, and those whom you teach, will lay deep the foundations of a just and peaceful world, or else you will make certain another war which not only will be fought between the present allies but will complete the job of wrecking civilization.

We of the educated world must outthink the forces of evil. Every ounce of that dear-bought wisdom that you have extracted from four years of work and play, trouble and joy, shadow and sunshine, every idea of science, philosophy, or history is needed by a sadly beset world. For this has Alma Mater loved and cherished you, for this she has given you part of her life, for this she tearfully and joyously bids you good-bye and Godspeed, confidently trusting that you will do what is best for you, best for your college, and best for the world that you go forth to make again.

The Seasons

Honorable Mention

JULIA MESSICK, '46

Gay leaves change from clouds of green,
Limpid brooks now lose their sheen,
Fields give up their harvest store;
These—and autumn's here once more.

Fleecy flakes fall lazily,
Tempest winds blow crazily.
Ice ponds glitter in the sun
And tell us winter has begun.

Bluebirds chirping in the trees—
Branches swaying in the breeze—
Buds burst forth in blossoms gay
And the children at marbles play.

Sailboats racing on the sea,
White clouds drifting aimlessly,
Mellow sunshine, azure sky—
Summertime is marching by.

Men Wanted

ELIZABETH MCCOY, '43

Oh, here's an ode—an ode to man!
To F. D. R. and Charlie Chan,
To Paul McNutt and Superman,
To the men of stage and screen and carnival
To the men I've never seen, darn-it-all!
Tall men, short men, thin men, fat men,
These men, those men, them men, that men,
Big men, little men, lemme at men!
I have an affinity
For masculinity.

Girls
Yes, girls with teeth so pearly,
Girls with straight hair, girls with curly,
Girls to the left of me, girls to the right of
 me,
Females only meet the sight of me—
I wail
For a male.

It's so much to want a He-man,
He'll be a 4-F or H.-S. C. man,
Or a soldier-boy from nearby Pickett—
Even so, I'd buy his ticket
If he'd just come to S. T. C.
And break the dull monotony.

This ode to man excludes not one of them,
I yearn for every Mother's son of them—
Tall men, taller men, small men, smaller
 men,
Mean men, middle men, lean men, liddle
 men—
I have a yen
For men.

The Scottish Highlands

MARGARET PATTIE, '46



□ THE Highlands of Scotland roll out before the eye like a sea of purple waves following closely one on the other. Here and there the purple majesty is modified by a patch of dark green pine or fir, but the mountain soil is so thin that few things grow well. The coarse grass which springs up amid the heather and yellow broom is kept short by the flocks of sheep that characterize the industry of the Highlands. In the distance stands a mighty grey castle, secure and haughty, commanding a view of the surrounding country. Its turrets are obscured by mist which descends over the peaks like a wraith from the sky. It stays but a moment, then glides rapidly away revealing the splendor of the fortress once again.

At such times as the sun is able to penetrate the mist, it glistens on the placid waters of some remote loch. A tiny wisp of smoke rises from a crofter's cottage by its edge. The cheerful laughter of children

mingles with the melancholy wailing of bagpipes and the mocking lowing of sheep.

Amid the awful grandeur of those mountains broods the history of centuries. There is a feeling of foreboding which makes the visitor glance over his shoulder apprehensively; yet he is drawn to the place by an irresistible force. As a stranger he sees only the outward austerity of the scene, failing to uncover the warmth beneath it.

To the Highlanders who know every path and lofty crag, the mountains are a symbol of strength and stability. The dark, gloomy cliffs provide shelter and a protection from the outside world. Should the latter ever break through this barrier, it would inflict an ugly wound upon the physical and spiritual peace of the land. How long have the mountains endured the ravishes of ages, and how long will they remain when we have left their paths? Nothing man can do will destroy them. They are in the hands of God.

They Are Reading...

(Book Reviews)

A Southerner Discovers the South

JONATHAN DANIELS, *Macmillan Company*, 1938,
\$3.00

WE of the South in our wistful moments would like to picture our beloved piece of America as a region abundant in beauty and capital—a land where free and easy living prevails; where poverty and all the horrors of this modern era are unknown. Yet we know this dream is unreal; so we staunch inheritors of this wisdom face the reality with the calmness and sincerity derived from our ancestors. Jonathan Daniels, in his stirring and revealing travelogue, has discovered the South's virtues and its faults. This editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, writes, "The South has been wanting discovery for a long time," and, with this desire as his goal, he sets forth in his automobile to explore this fairyland of the United States.

The author begins his journey by wandering through the stately grounds of Arlington—home of the "South's own". He moves from Maryland to the Gulf by way of the birthplace of American institutions, visiting Williamsburg and Jamestown. Traveling through Virginia and the Carolinas, he studies labor and industry, the great problem of the South.

The reader is led from moss-covered Florida to the mysterious and fascinating Creole Center of New Orleans. To the sand lands of Arkansas, Mr. Daniels travels to investigate the Dyess Colony; to Mississippi to study the Delta Cooperative Plantation; and to Tennessee to probe into the T. V. A. project.

It is the modern South, full of poverty and yet containing an eternal beauty, that the author has written into his books. Not the magic South of yesterday, or the unknown South of tomorrow, but the actual South of today is presented.

BETTY ADAMS, '46

Below the Potomac

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, *Appleton-Century Company*,
1942, \$3.00

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, editor of the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, presents in *Below the Potomac* a critical analysis of the present-day South with suggestions for possible solutions of its problems.

Mr. Dabney examines the social, economic, racial, religious, and political conditions which he believes are delaying much-desired Southern progress. The inevitable demands for a solution include more tolerance and liberalism in religious and social attitudes, a greater opportunity for the Negro to rise economically, a stronger opposition party, and the lessening of the sectional wage differentials. All this seems opinionated and trite, but actually the author is a shrewd and thoughtful analyst, presenting a group of unbiased articles which give a well-balanced picture of the South.

Virginia Dabney is a journalist, and before this is an essayist and historian, but the subtle humor and quiet tolerance of *Below the Potomac* make it perfectly enjoyable.

LOUISA DAWSON, '46

The Springs of Virginia--Life, Love, and Death of the Waters

PERCEVAL RENIERS, *The University of North Carolina Press*, 1941, \$4.00

ANYONE interested in obtaining a bird's-eye view of society in Virginia between 1775 and 1900 will find Mr. Renier's book satisfying. In a leisurely ambling style, interspersed with lively and amusing incidents, Mr. Reniers "takes the waters", traveling from spring to spring with the F. F. V's, their children and slaves, with

the nouveaux riches in their sporty four-in-hands, and even with the lower dregs of society, the gamblers and horse racers. The springs develop through the years from one cottage affairs, where invalids tried to regain their health, to huge watering places, with hotels, ballrooms, race tracks, and all the then prevalent extravagances which helped man forget his worries, his aches, and his common sense.

The personality of the landlord of a particular spring was a contributing factor in bringing trade to that point, and families returned year after year to renew old acquaintances. In time the springs came to

be synonyms for the Golden Age, with match-making the leading sport, encouraged by mama and papa, as well as by the proprietors. The belles from different sections of the country were intense rivals, those from Baltimore vieing with those from Carolina, while Virginia beauties tried to hold their own.

With his dry humor and subtle satire, Mr. Reniers paints an appealing picture of the frivolities and passions of a past society, which for its health, love-life, recreation, and forgetfulness of the world, migrated each year to the springs.

JEANNE STRICK, '44

Nothing But the Truth

Continued from Page Fifteen

'cause you don't know we've got any money. 'Sides, Mama needs it to pay for the drinks she's going to serve those old ladies playing cards this evening." Frances spoke all this, heedless of her Mother's restraining hand clamped hurriedly on her shoulder.

To prevent the situation from becoming even worse, Mrs. Watts resignedly handed the twelve dollars to Mr. Genford.

After he had gone down the walk, the harrassed lady breathed a sigh of relief, and muttered, "if I only live through this afternoon—." Mrs. Watts then phoned a number of her friends until she secured one, an elderly, gossipy old spinster, who agreed to make a "fourth at bridge" in place of the absent Mrs. Tubber. The other two ladies arrived, meanwhile, and the bridge game was begun as usual. As usual, that is, except for the seemingly uncalled for nervousness of the hostess. She was wondering, "What's going to happen next? Suppose Frances insults another of my friends or tells Mamie that her awful green dress makes her bulge in all the wrong places..."

"Lovely new cards, Sue," complimented Mrs. Bell to her hostess as she was shuffling the cards to begin the first hand.

"I'm so glad you like them, dear," answered Sue Watts. "But I had to pay a fortune for them. Honestly, how they charge you for things down at "Bel-Ames."

You know, that new, fashionable store just opened in Rockbridge."

"You bought them there?"

"Yes, and little Frances picked them out. There were so many pretty styles that I just couldn't decide, so Fran chose, didn't you, Dear?"

"Yes'm. When you called 'Bingo' the man at the stand said you'd won a deck of

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THE TYPICAL SENIOR SCHEDULE

JANE SMITH, '44

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
8:05 Sleep	Sleep	Sleep	Sleep	Sleep	
9:05 Bugology Lab	Sleep	English Class (Rest Period)	Philosophy (Correspondence)	Math Class Tit Tat Toe	
10:05 P. O.	P. O.	P. O.	P. O.	P. O.	
11:00 Breakfast at Shannon's	Coke at Shannon's	Tea Room	Breakfast at Shannon's	Senior Chapel (Maybe)	
11:40 Up on Roof	Parallel*	Relax	Marriage Class	Borrow Clothes	
12:45 Diet	Dinner in Tea Room	Diet	Tea Room	Pack	
1:30 After dinner nap	Up on roof	Slutseye	Up on roof	Conference with Miss Mary	
2:30 Donald Duck	Relax	Up on roof	Wash Hair	OFF TO V. M. I.	
4:30 Shannon's	Shannon's	Shannon's	Shannon's	LIKE	
6:00 P. O. and supper	P. O.	P. O.	P. O.	TO	
7:00 Physical Fitness (Ping Pong)	Bridge	Bull Session	Censored	-	
8:00 Letter writing	Bridge	In Phone Booth	In Phone Booth	KNOW!	
9:00 and on big week end	Hit the Hay after big week end	Fundamentals of Woology	In Phone Booth	Censored	

*PARALLEL—Terry and the Pirates, Glamour, Wishing Well.

Nothing But the Truth

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cards and for me to pick out one. I liked those little blue ones."

"OH-Hh-h-". Mrs. Watts was unable to say more for quite some time.

After the bridge game was nearly over, Mrs. Watts began lamenting the fact to the other ladies that it was her maid's afternoon off and that she couldn't serve them. She was very careful to excuse herself, beforehand, however, in order to caution Frances not to mention that she could not afford to serve her friends today.

"Mrs. Watts,, I'se leaving—and right now!" This was from the cook who suddenly burst into the living room, carrying in one hand a hastily packed suitcase, and in the other, a hat. "And tain't while for you to ask me back, neither, 'cause I ain't comin'. Good-bye!" She withdrew her head from the open doorway, then slammed the door angrily and firmly.

Expressions of astonishment were frozen on the faces of the ladies at the bridge table. Mrs. Watts with a super human effort gained composure enough to begin a discussion on the various merits and shortcomings of the several cooks of the women present.

"I don't see *why* she would leave us," began Mrs. Watts. "I know I pay her a good deal more than she could get anywhere else and we treat her perfectly wonderful, almost like one of the family."

When the seemingly endless game was over and Mrs. Watts had closed the door behind the last of the departing guests, she again breathed a lengthy sigh of relief. She called for Frances to see if she could get a clue as to what had been wrong with the cook.

"Why on earth did Hilda rush out like that, Fran?"

"I don't know exactly, Ma, but I guess it's cause she doesn't like you."

"Doesn't like me? What are you talking about? I've been as nice to Hilda as I know how to be. I thought she *liked* it here. Are you sure *you* didn't say anything to offend her?"

"No'm. She was saying that she was

going to make some of that special soup of hers for supper cause we liked it so well. She asked me didn't we like it, and I said, 'No' of course, 'cause we don't like it. She made me tell her it tasted like soap and stuff and that you didn't like it neither. After that, when she said, 'Has your Ma been talking 'bout me and my cookin'?' I had to tell her you said she cooked awful bad and that you just kept her, you said, since you couldn't get away with paying anyone else just a little tiny bit. Mother, I had to tell her didn't I? Oh goody! I've kept my bargain with Daddy, and told *exactly* the truth *all afternoon*. Now I'll still get my nickel, won't I, Mama? Don't you want me to tell just the truth?" questioned Frances unabashed, as she saw an awful, helpless look spread over her Mother's features.

"I just don't know," answered Mrs. Watts slowly and tiredly. "I just don't know!"

His wife ran away with the boarder, but he claims it is only a rumor.

—The Old Maid

—●—

It has been said that a certain chem prof's lectures are so boring that yesterday two empty seats got up and walked out.

—The Turn-Out

—●—

Advice to pebble pushers: To get rid of cooties, take a sand bath and rub down with alcohol. The cooties get drunk on the alcohol and kill each other throwing rocks

—The Turn-Out

—●—

And have you heard the one about the absent-minded professor who told the joke about the absent-minded professor who put out the cat and kissed his wife goodnight?

HELEN MCGUIRE, '45

The zipper is the undoing of the modern femme, yet it opens up great opportunities.

—The High Hat

—●—

Have you heard about the moron who thought a scholarship was a floating university?

—The High Hat

—●—

He had stole a hurried kiss.

"Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly.

"Sure," he replied, "but they take more time."

—The Shako

—●—

He: "I wish I had a nickel for every gal I've kissed."

She: "What would you do? Buy yourself a pack of gum?"

—●—

Young man: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

Father: "And, I sir, am not willing to make the trade."

—●—

I never saw a vitamin
I hope I never C1
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather C1 than B1.

—Baltimore Sun

I've never been dated,
I've never been kissed.
No man could resist
The lure of a pure and innocent miss—
The trouble is this—
I'm fifty.

—Kentucky Kernel

—●—

You kissed and told
But that's all right
The man you told
Called up last night

—The Breeze

—●—

Mary had a little dress,
It was light and airy;
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But gosh—How it showed Mary!
—Virginia Tech

—●—

Dean: "Young man, I have just been informed that you were drunk last night and were pushing a wheelbarrow around the campus. Is that true?"

Frosh: "Yes, sir."

Dean: "And where was I during this time?"

Frosh: "In the wheelbarrow, sir."

—Mis-A-Sip

—●—

"Pray let me kiss your lily hand,"
Said he with burning love;
"I can remove my veil," she said
"More easily than my glove."

—The Echo

MAC'S CRACKS

I is blue
For he has flew
He has left I all alone
Me just weeps
Can't never sleeps
While him forgot to phone.
Me'd even give
The life me live
To he if it could was
But him do wish
A cuter dish
Than me, oh, dear me suz!

—The Old Maid

"There's only one thing wrong with me,
blondie. I'm color blind."
"Youall sho' must me, mistah!"
—The Shakos

—●—

Little Algy met a skunk.
The little skunk was feeling punk.
Now little Algy's wardrobe's shrunk.
—Virginia Tech

—●—

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is
give up cigarettes, liquor and women."
Patient: "What's the next best thing?"
—The Shakos

—●—

Indignant father: "Do you think it's
fair, Bobby, after I told you there wasn't
any Santa Claus to go and tell the neighbors
I laid your Easter eggs too?"

He: "I saw some spinster pines in the
woods."
She: "What do you mean—spinster
pines?"
He: "Nobody axed 'em."

—Miami Student

—●—

College is just like the laundry—you get
out what you put into it—but you'd never
recognize it.

—The Gamecock

—●—

Teacher (to his class): "I am going to
give a problem and if it can be solved raise
your hand—if it can't be do not raise your
hand. If the sky is green, the grass is blue,
the trees are red, how old am I?"

(Johnny's hand goes up.)

Teacher: "All right, Johnny, your answer."

Johnny: "44"

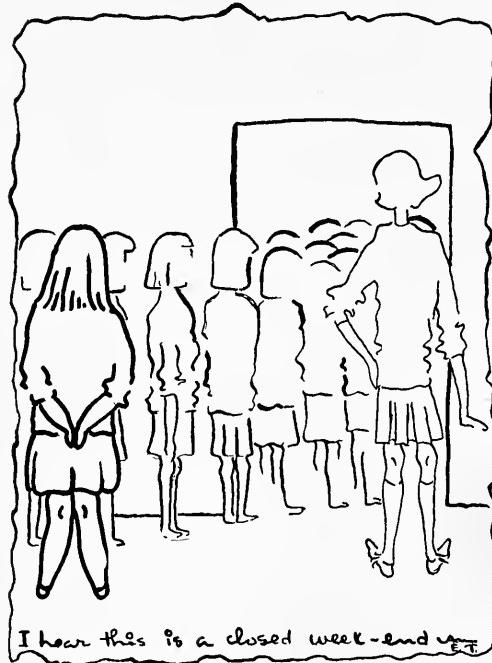
Teacher: "Correct, but will you please
tell how you know."

Johnny: "Well, I've got a brother 22,
and he's half crazy."

—●—

He took her gently in his arms,
And pressed her to his breast.
The lovely color left his face
And lodged on his full dress.

—The Old Maid



Sacrifice

BETTY YOUNGBERG, '43



A Mystery

ILLENE PINCK, '46

A question puzzles me--
Whatever can it be?
It's in the heart of every man;
Without it life can have no plan.
To some it brings such ecstasy,
To others only misery.
But come what will,
They'll seek it still:
This mystery
Called love.



They gave him a gun—my wonder.
They gave him a gun to carry.
They gave him a gun—my wonder!
Yes, and they expect me to be me!

Ay—to be merry—to think not of
But to know he's a hero fighting th
Who has foes? I once fondly asked
Now, I know. The die has been ca

Have Y

PRESENTING Miss Ima Pest. the girl less likely to succeed in Stands about five feet five, inclined plump, "Exercise is a waste of time dear." Her hair is always tied up in a or looks like a rat's nest. Slip or strap usually showing. If she washes neck it is a mystery when. Manages t not only sloppy but slovenly.

She loves men, practical jokes, t loud in chapel, smoking in the audito even though she knows the rules. Ir she enjoys breaking rules. Her fa expression is "Rules are made to be b my dear." She brags of how she has b her way through college. "It's all in ing how, my dear."

aught him to love everyone
carry a hate for none.
ve," I said, "will always keep peace,
'll find all war will cease."

te was too subtle; it slipped in
ce—
ed in and is taking its price
joys, our boys, our happiness won
gs unknown, of things undone.

ave him a gun—my wonderful son,
ave him a gun to carry.
ave him a gun—my wonderful one
d they expect me to be merry.



If It Were Not For Thee

CAROLYN ROUSE, '43

Lord, I forgive
The one whose wound has darkened my
today,
Whose wound has burned my heart
And left its lasting imprint there.

If it were not for Thee, I could not hope
To find hate melting into love;
Thou hast forgiven me unnumbered times
When I have sinned and missed the mark.
Therefore, I too forgive.

et Her

'43

er manners at the table are quite the
. Throwing water is fun This is to
her personality. Wanders all over
lining hall. Once did an impromptu
ance with two leafs of lettuce. She is
o-o clever. Her favorite magazine is
e Romances." Her favorite sport, out
of breaking rules, is picking up soldiers.
thing in pants is my motto." And she
s to it. She's as nosey as the day is
Every other sentence is "What's that,
k a little louder, I'm afraid I didn't
that."

We hope she decides to leave school. In
we have just the place for her. A fox
on Guadalcanal after the war is over.



The War and Me

Continued from Page Nine

streets are teeming with lads of the sea. As I cross the Chesapeake it is possible to search the broad expanse of water and discover the ghostly silhouettes of men-of-war gliding to or from their hellish missions. As the ferry nears Cape Charles no longer do bold brazen lights shout out a greeting from shore. The once bright waterfront is shrouded in darkness. The lights of the little city are whispering, not from fear but because they are wise. I feel a difference in the very atmosphere. School has been left behind. My interest has shifted. Now I ask, "How near completion is Fort Eustis? How many soldiers are stationed there? Have you seen the new air base? Will I be able to get gasoline for my boat?" War! War! and more war. There is no escaping it and no desire to do so. Our lives are constantly being adjusted to meet new conditions that arise as a result of it. I feel an intense pride in my home town's new siren that shrieks its order for lights out, preparing us for possible air raids. I visit the "post" and hear familiar voices giving descriptions of planes that have just passed over. There is a great sense of loneliness, too, loneliness brought on by the absence of girlhood friends now scattered to the far corners of the universe bearing arms for their country.

But all that is forgotten here at school. Now it is spring, my favorite season of the year. The sun blesses the earth with its golden warmth. Fleecy white clouds float lazily across a blue, untroubled sky. The air is laden with the fragrant incense of honeysuckle and growing things. Graduation is but a few hours away, and my thoughts are tinged with sadness at going forever from this happy college world that has been mine for four years, short years that have sped so quickly by. How can I realize that there is wholesale death and destruction in a world so beautiful? Less than a week is left to me here. Then I shall go home and all this will become a blur of pleasant memories. War will again have a dominant influence on my life. I shall take my turn at the lookout post and participate in whatever way I can in the defense program. There will still be fun and laughter,

but modes of producing them will undergo a radical change. Used to riding for miles to meet at a favorite dancing or swimming place, those of us who remain shall be dependent in a large part on what our own home towns have to offer in the way of entertainment. In my case, I shall be left almost entirely to my own devices. But I shall be happy, and I shall dream fabulous dreams of a glorious future. And while I work and play and dream, I shall also wait, wait for one of Uncle Sam's blue jackets to come home from the sea. There will be no doubt in my mind that he will come. Youth is optimistic and ignores any threat to its happiness. Perhaps the next few months or the next few years will bring heartbreak and disillusionment that will strip me of my glowing dreams, but I don't believe it. Life is good and beautiful and war will not cheat me of what I ask from the future. It is too fantastic to think that it could!

It Was Her Wish

Continued from Page Eleven

that I am trying to pry into other's affairs, but I wish you would explain this situation to me if you think it will be all right."

"Certainly, I will, Julia. I am sure Aunt Kay won't mind my telling you. It is a rather long story, but I shall try to make it brief, as it is only thirty minutes until seven o'clock."

My thoughts turned back to that of May four years ago. To most people it was a balmy, cloudless spring day, but to every member of the Moran family it was a day filled with bleakness and remorse. The events of that day—May 3, 1920, to be exact—altered the life of every Moran living at "Mare Vista."

"Ravenel was a striking beauty and a belle four years ago, Julia," I began. "Practically every eligible bachelor in Lynn wanted to marry her, but she had eyes for none but Jeffery."

"This Jeffery isn't the one who is coming to dinner tonight, is he?"

"Yes, Julia, the same—Jeffrey Hamilton."

Julia's eyebrows raised in astonishment.

"I'll explain that later," I hastened to add. "Jeffrey, Ravenel, and two other couples planned to go horseback riding that

IT WAS HER WISH

afternoon and they all met here for lunch. I can see the party now, mounting their horses and riding down the graveled driveway—Ravenel, her lovely blue eyes dancing, as she took the lead on her green hunter; Jeffrey, urging his horse into a canter to catch her and the others following close behind. They took a short-cut through the meadow to reach the bridle path. The meadow is fenced in; there is a six-foot gate at the opposite side. No one had ever attempted to jump that gate but Ravenel and this time she didn't succeed. As she tried to lift her jumper his front feet failed to clear the gate and Ravenel was thrown forward. She fell on her shoulder and head. The physician declared that it was only an act of Providence that saved her life. The horse's neck was broken and it died immediately."

"Pat, I had never heard a word of that. Tell me, how was Ravenel injured?"

"She suffered from a brain injury, cerebral hemorrhage, the doctor called it. Aunt Kay had specialists brought in from many

hospitals. They agreed that in time she might recover, but there was little that could be done for her. She would never become hopelessly insane, unless complications arose. One of the doctors told Aunt Kay that an accident of any kind might restore her to her former self or might prove fatal. He cautioned her to watch Ravenel carefully. For that reason, she would never agree to put her daughter in an institution, but insisted upon keeping her here where she could care for her personally."

"This is certainly a shock to me, Pat. I didn't realize Ravenel's condition. Poor Kay! I never dreamed that her life had been so sad. There is one thing I don't understand yet, but I am hesitant to ask."

"What is that, Julia?" I asked.

"How did you and Jeffrey Hamilton happen to become such dear friends?"

"Oh, I had planned to tell you that. I have always thought Jeff was an extremely attractive young man and he won my friendship completely when he picked me up after

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PHONE 98

I had tumbled downstairs the day of Ravenel's accident."

"I am afraid I don't quite follow your explanation," Julia said. Her clear laugh rang out and seemed to wipe away the shadows created by my account of Ravenel's unfortunate past.

"You see, Julia, May 3, 1920, was my sixteenth birthday and I felt very grown-up. Aunt Kay still made me dress in children's clothes but that morning my naturally independent spirit took the upper hand. I borrowed a pair of Ravenel's high-heeled slippers from her closet without her knowledge and the descent down the steps followed. I landed at handsome young Jeffrey Hamilton's feet and he acted the part of the gallant gentleman. He helped me up and I wasn't able to detect even the semblance of a smile on his smooth-shaven face."

Julia's eyes twinkled and she appeared to be thoroughly amused.

"The color rushes to my cheeks when I see Randall Mason even today. I can still remember the sarcastic remark he made—'Young ladies should learn to walk in high-heeled slippers in their boudoirs before they attempt to descend a flight of stairs.' Unconventional as it may be, Julia, that was the beginning of my friendship with Jeff."

"Did you continue to see him afterwards?"

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IT WAS HER WISH

"Yes, I saw him at the hospital and he drove me home several times. Then he came frequently to see Aunt Kay."

"Weren't you rather young to fall so deeply in love, Pat?"

"Jeff and I have discussed that subject several times. He told me afterwards that he didn't realize how mature I was until he saw what a comfort and help I was to Aunt Kay at the hospital. We both realize that we are very much in love, but we hesitate to marry because of Ravenel. Jeff told Aunt Kay and me that he and Ravenel had had a slight quarrel just before her accident. She had told him that she did not love him and never planned to marry him. She explained that she had made a great mistake in thinking that they could ever be happy."

"Under those circumstances, Pat, I don't think you and Jeff should postpone your marriage. He and Ravenel can never mean anything to each other."

"I know, but it is the principle rather than the actual facts that we can't overcome, I suppose. We'll discuss our marriage later. It is five minutes to seven and we must go down to dinner."

Julia and I had just reached the bottom step when Jeff rushed in the front door. He wore no coat, his shirt sleeves were rolled up, his hair tousled, and his face was ghastly white.

"Pat, where is Mrs. Moran?" he said, rushing up to me. "We must break the news to her gently."

"What news, Jeff? What are you talking about?" I asked, excitedly.

Jeff regained his composure and answered: "It's Ravenel. She took your horse

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THE COLONNADE

and galloped away just as I drove up in front of the house. I ran after her and reached the scene of the accident a few minutes after it happened."

"Jeff, Ravenel isn't—she isn't—dead, is she?" My breath came in short gasps and all the blood seemed to drain from my head.

"No, she isn't dead, but I don't think she will live very much longer. She has regained her senses and is calling for her mother. We must find Mrs. Moran quickly."

The three of us walked calmly—outwardly, at least—into the dining room where Aunt Kay was seated at the head of the table. Jeff pushed me toward her.

"Aunt Kay," I began, and the natural tone of my voice surprised me. "You remember Dr. Briarcliff's telling you that there was a chance that Ravenel might return to her normal state of mind some day, don't you?"

"Yes, Pat, yes, I remember. Tell me, Pat, what has happened?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, she is happy now, just as she used to be, and she is calling for you. Ravenel took my horse and retraced her course through the meadow until - - -."

"Until—until she came to the gate" and with this remark Aunt Kay's form shook with convulsed sobs.

"Yes, until she came to the gate. She has returned to her former self, Aunt Kay, and she wants you. Come, let's go to her," I said.

Aunt Kay leaned heavily on Jeff's arm all the way to the meadow. Her eyes kindled with a spark of happiness, but her face wore a strained expression and there were drawn lines about her mouth. Poor Aunt Kay! She hardly looked like the same woman who met me at the railroad station nine years ago. She had been gay and carefree then. I had known sorrow, and she had comforted me. When Mother died, she had insisted on my coming to live with her and had treated me as if I were her own child.

There it was! A repetition of the same horrible spectacle which had taken place at that spot four years before. Dr. Briarcliff and his assistant were there and over by the gate stood the long, somber black ambulance. It would have a different destination from the one it had taken four years hence.

Dr. Briarcliff came over to Aunt Kay

and I could overhear their conversation.

"Kay," he said in his calm, professional voice, "our dreams have come true. Ravenel is herself again. She is talking as if this were the day she had her first accident."

"James," said Aunt Kay, for she had known Dr. Briarcliff for many years, "do you mean that she will be just as she used to be?"

"Yes, but for a very short while, Kay. You remember my telling you before that another accident might prove fatal, or it might cure Ravenel, don't you?"

"Yes, James, I remember. Tell me the truth, will you, James?"

"This accident has done both of those things, Kay."

"No! No! Don't tell me she is—going to—oh, James I can't say it."

"Don't try to. Just go and talk with her. She has been calling for you," said Dr. Briarcliff.

Aunt Kay kneeled on the ground beside the stretcher on which Ravenel lay.

"Oh, my dear, my darling daughter," she said, as she stroked Ravenel's forehead.

"Mother, where did I get this dress? I had on my riding habit." This was Ravenel's weak voice as she searched her mother's face for an answer to her question.

"It's all right, dear, they were changed," said Aunt Kay. I could see that Aunt Kay's face was pale and her lips were trembling. "Don't leave us, Ravenel. Please don't—oh, my precious little girl!"

"Don't cry, Mother. I am happy. I'll always be with you—in spirit. Jeffrey, come here, please." Ravenel's voice was becoming weaker and the last words were spoken almost in a whisper.

Jeff went instantly to Ravenel's side and knelt beside Aunt Kay.

"Jeffrey," Ravenel said, for she always called him that, "I was mistaken. I don't love you. Find someone else and be—happy."

Jeff beckoned for me and when I reached Ravenel's side she was calling my name in a whisper.

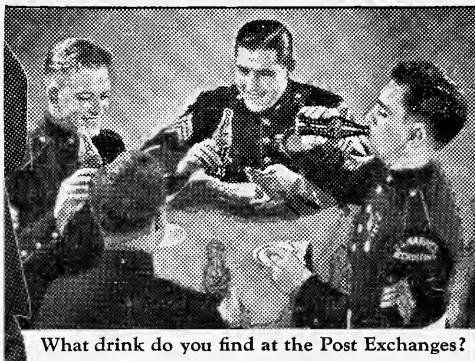
"Pat, little Pat—you may—have all my high-heeled slippers." That was the last remark Ravenel ever made.

Jeff's hand closed tightly over mine and we looked into each other's eyes in silence.



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